

**M**  
MODERN  
COMICS

IT'S SCARY!

FIRST EDITION!

APPROVED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE  
AUTHORITY

# HAUNTED

# LOVE

*Tales of Gothic  
Romance*

NO. 1  
35¢

YOU'RE SHIVERING,  
MY DEAR...  
RELAX...YOU'LL  
BELONG TO ME  
FOREVERMORE!

I HATE  
HIM...  
BUT I  
CAN'T  
REFUSE  
HIS  
KISSES!

**"A Kiss  
to Save  
him  
from the  
GRAVE!"**





# A KISS TO SAVE HIM FROM THE GRAVE!

SHE HAD DREAMED THIS MOMENT... SHE HAD KNOWN THIS MADNESS BEFORE... HAD THRILLED TO HIS KISSES... AND FELT THE COLD KNOT OF TERROR GROWING AS HE MURMURED THE WORDS THAT HAD TORTURED HER SO MANY NIGHTS BEFORE...

LUCILLE, NO! DON'T YOU KNOW WHO HE IS?

YOU'RE SHIVERING, MY DEAR... RELAX... YOU'LL BELONG TO ME FOREVERMORE!

I HATE HIM... BUT I CAN'T REFUSE HIS KISSES!



LUCILLE BURTON, A REGISTERED NURSE, WAS QUITE CONTENT WORKING IN A SMALL HOSPITAL IN THE DEEP SOUTH...

DR. THORTON HAS TURNED OVER MOST OF HIS PRACTICE TO DR. WARNER, I WONDER WHY...



HERE HE IS NOW, LUCILLE... YOU CAN ASK HIM.

I'M TAKING A LEAVE OF ABSENCE FROM THE HOSPITAL, LUCILLE...

YOU ARE? BUT WHY, DOCTOR?



I'M ACCEPTING A FULL-TIME PATIENT, MISS BURTON, I NEED THE HELP OF AN EXCELLENT NURSE... I HAD YOU IN MIND.

YOU'RE GOING TO GIVE UP YOUR WORK HERE... AND ALL THE PEOPLE WHO DEPEND ON YOU... TO TAKE CARE OF ONE MAN?



ONE VERY RICH MAN, LUCILLE... REMEMBER THAT CLINIC I DREAMED OF OPENING FOR POOR KIDS? THIS MAN WILL GIVE ME ENOUGH TO START IT... BUT I NEED YOUR HELP.



WAYNE THORTON HAS ALWAYS BEEN TOO BUSY TO SPEND TIME WITH ME... BUT IF WE'RE WORKING ON THE SAME CASE... HE'LL HAVE TO NOTICE ME!

PLEASE, LUCILLE?



ALL RIGHT, DR. THORTON... I'LL WORK WITH YOU.



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



LUCILLE BURTON  
RESIGNED FROM  
THE HOSPITAL  
STAFF NEXT DAY  
AND...

THE GALT PLANTATION  
IS ONLY TEN MILES FROM  
TOWN... BUT IT MIGHT AS  
WELL BE ON ANOTHER  
PLANET!



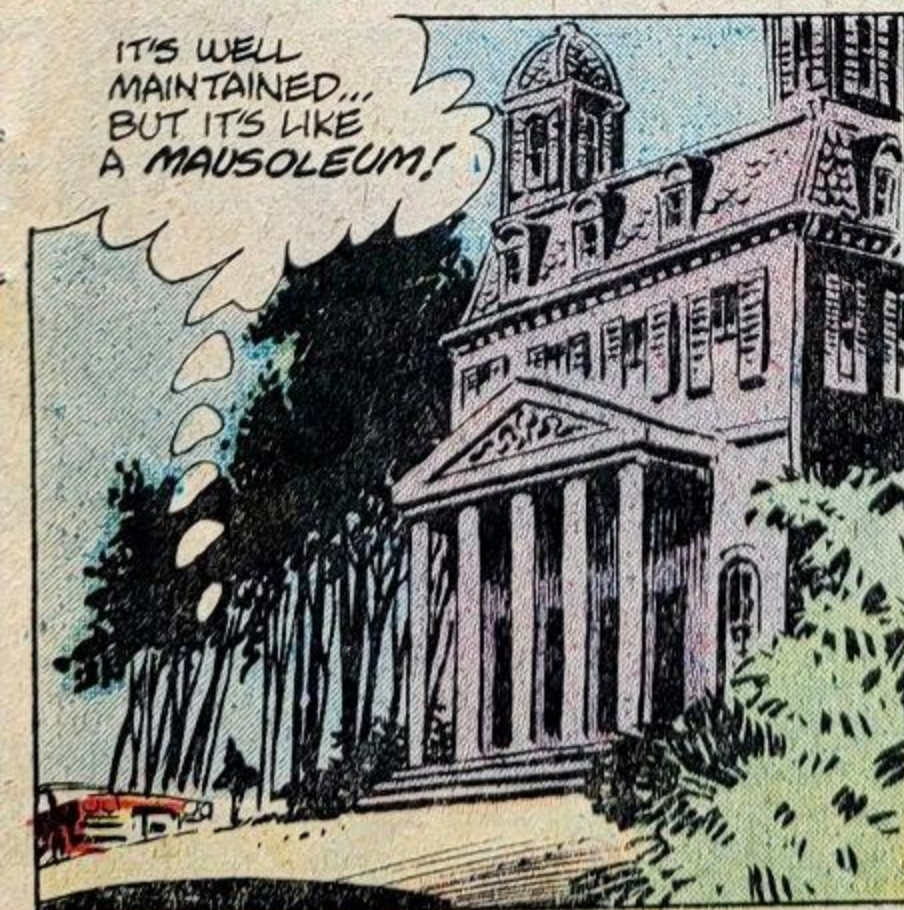
DR. THORTON SAID MRS.  
ALLEN IS NURSING  
TREVOR GALT NOW...  
BUT SHE WANTS TO  
LEAVE AS SOON AS  
I ARRIVE!



THE PAY IS BETTER  
THAN SHE COULD GET  
ANYWHERE ELSE...  
I WONDER WHY SHE'S  
LEAVING SUCH AN  
EASY JOB?



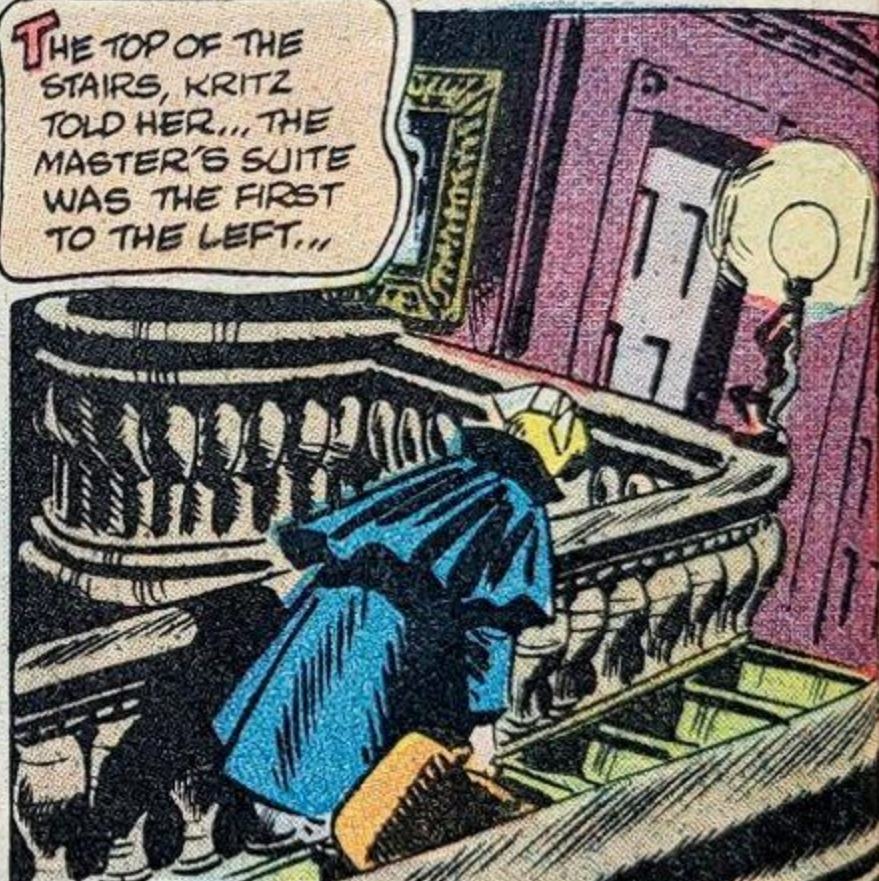
IT'S WELL  
MAINTAINED...  
BUT IT'S LIKE  
A MAUSOLEUM!



DR. THORTON IS AT  
THE HOSPITAL... HE  
SAID HE'LL BE OUT  
HERE TONIGHT...  
TOMORROW AT  
THE LATEST!

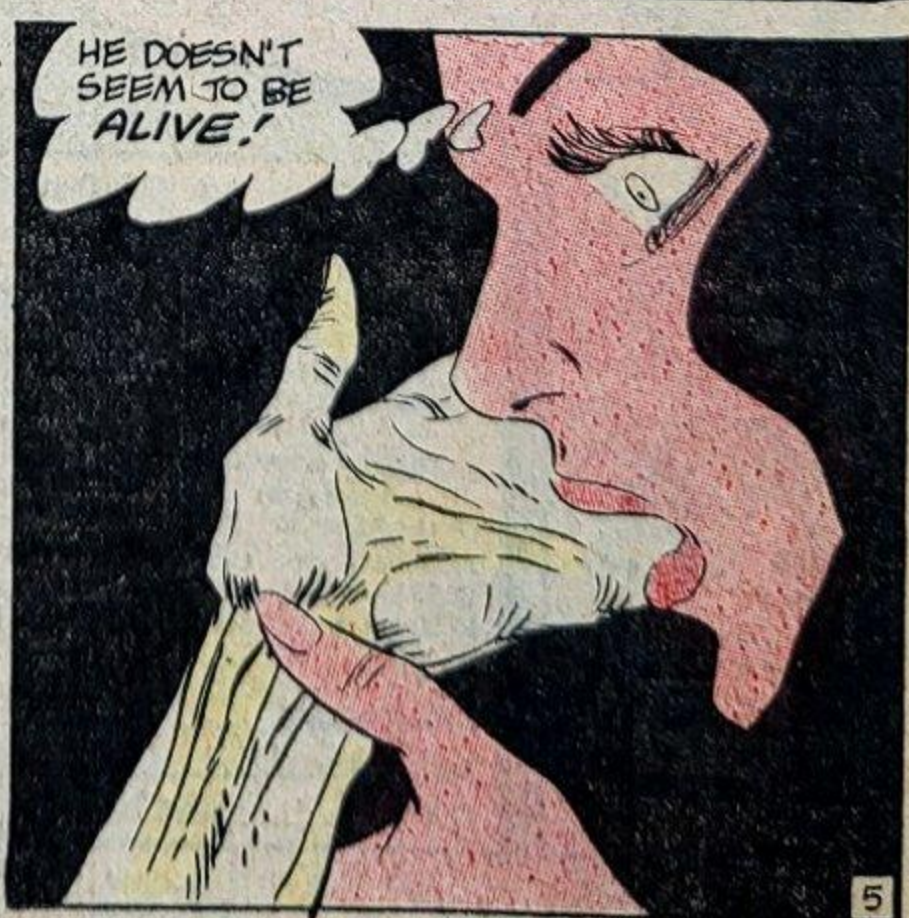
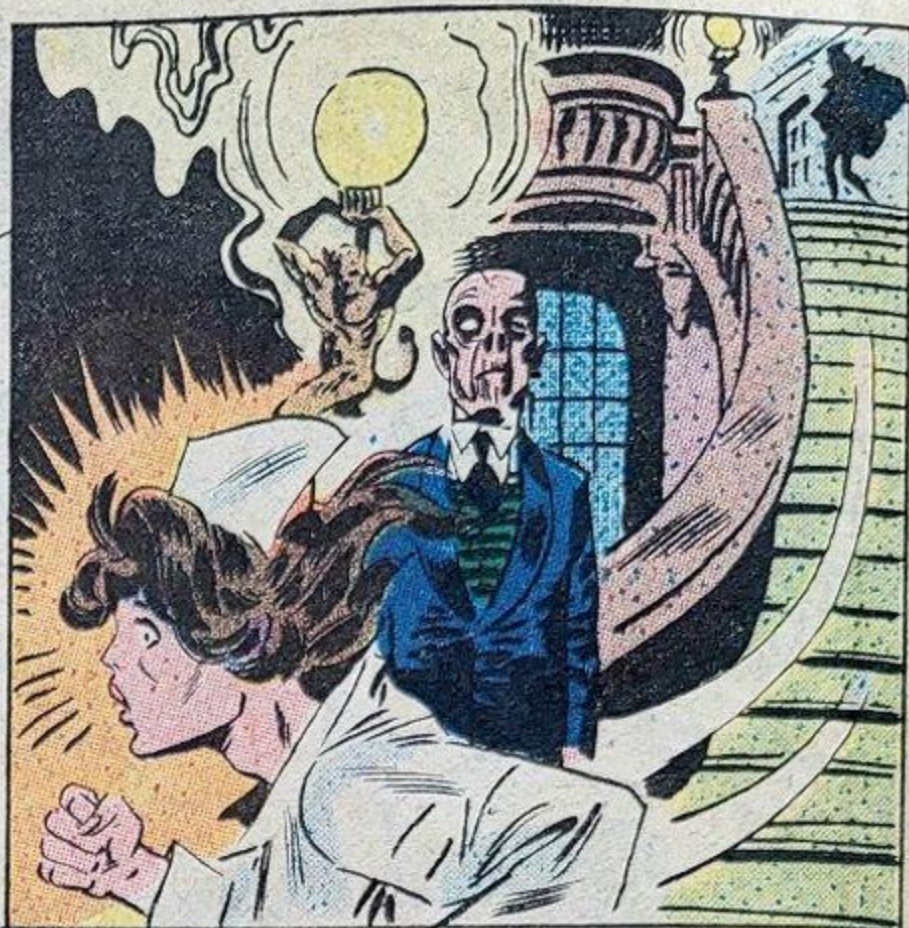






CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE









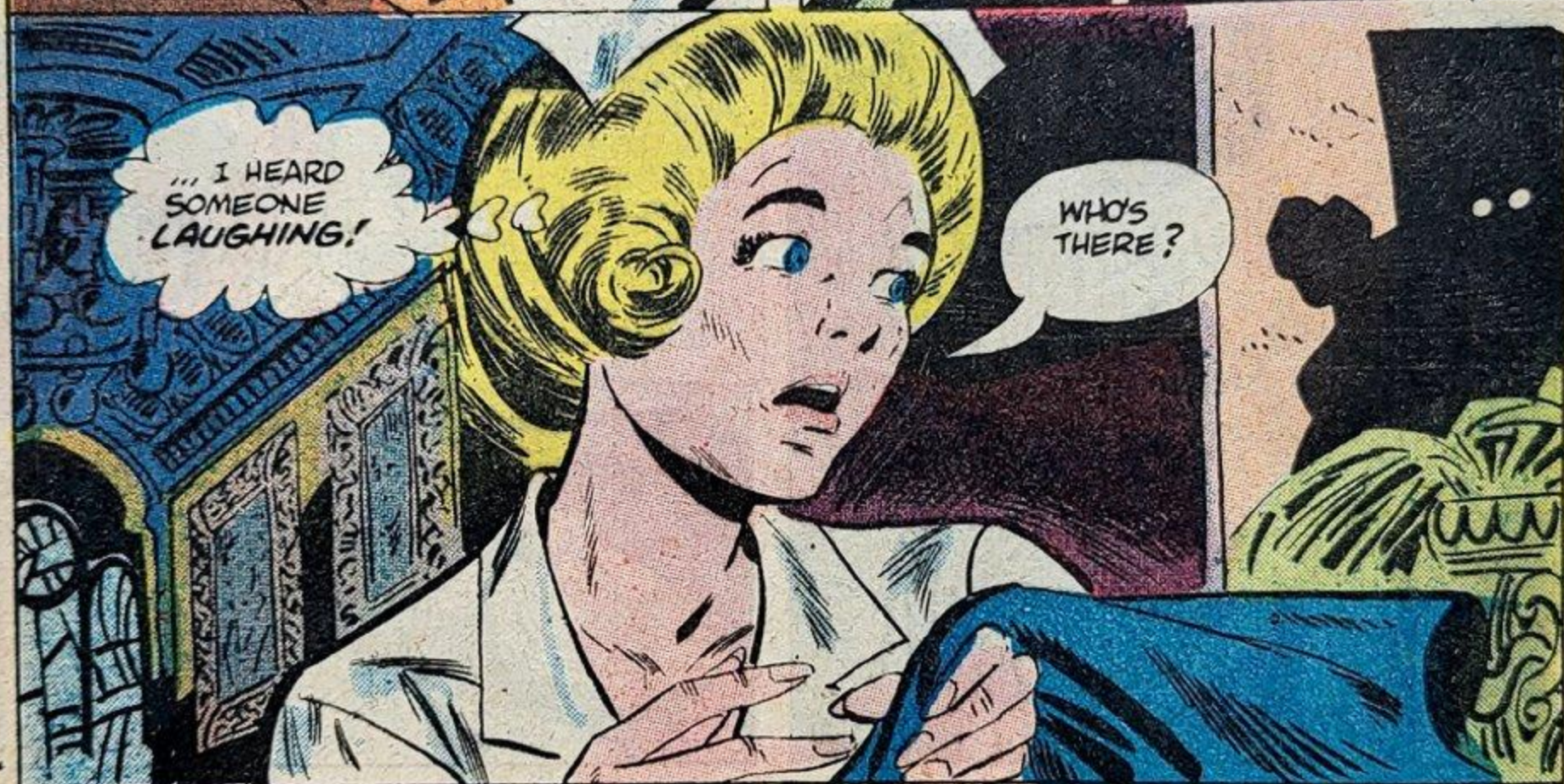




I WISH  
WAYNE  
THORTON  
WERE  
HERE...

HE SEEMS  
MORE DEAD  
THAN ALIVE  
AT TIMES...

MY IMAGINATION  
WAS PLAYING TRICKS  
ON ME... I THOUGHT  
SOMEONE WAS  
**BEHIND ME** IN  
HIS ROOM!



... I HEARD  
SOMEONE  
**LAUGHING!**

WHO'S  
THERE?



SHE FOUND A LIGHT  
SWITCH, AND WITH  
A SHAKING  
HAND, FLICKED  
IT ON...

**CLICK!**

NO ONE...  
BUT I  
THOUGHT...



COOK HAS LEFT DINNER IN  
THE WARMING OVEN, NURSE  
BURTON, SHALL I SERVE  
IT IN THE DINING ROOM  
OR...

OH-!  
MAY I HAVE  
IT IN MY  
ROOM,  
KRITZ?



STILL SHAKEN, LUCILLE BURTON ATE VERY LITTLE... SHE WAS AFRAID OF WHAT THE NIGHT WOULD BRING... AT LAST, SHE TOOK THE PHONE AND DIALED DR. THORTON'S HOME NUMBER!

DR. THORTON?  
LUCILLE BURTON...  
AREN'T YOU COMING  
HERE TONIGHT?

NO, THERE'S  
NO CHANGE  
IN MR. GALT'S  
CONDITION...  
IT'S JUST  
THAT I...

I... I WAS HOPING  
YOU'D COME OUT  
TONIGHT, DOCTOR,

I'LL CHECK THE  
OLD MAN... AND  
THEN I'LL COME  
TO BED... KRITZ  
WILL WATCH THE  
PATIENT WHILE  
I'M SLEEPING.

NOW, YOU TRY TO  
SLEEP, MR.  
GALT!

I GET THE  
WEIRDEST  
FEELING WHEN  
HE LOOKS AT  
ME...

GOOD NIGHT,  
KRITZ... CALL  
ME IF HE  
AWAKENS OR  
ANYTHING.



I'M GOING TO  
SLEEP WITH THE  
LIGHT ON  
TONIGHT...



I'M AFRAID TO  
SLEEP...  
I'LL JUST  
REST MY  
EYES...



GET UP, LUCILLE...  
I WANT YOU TO  
COME WITH  
ME...

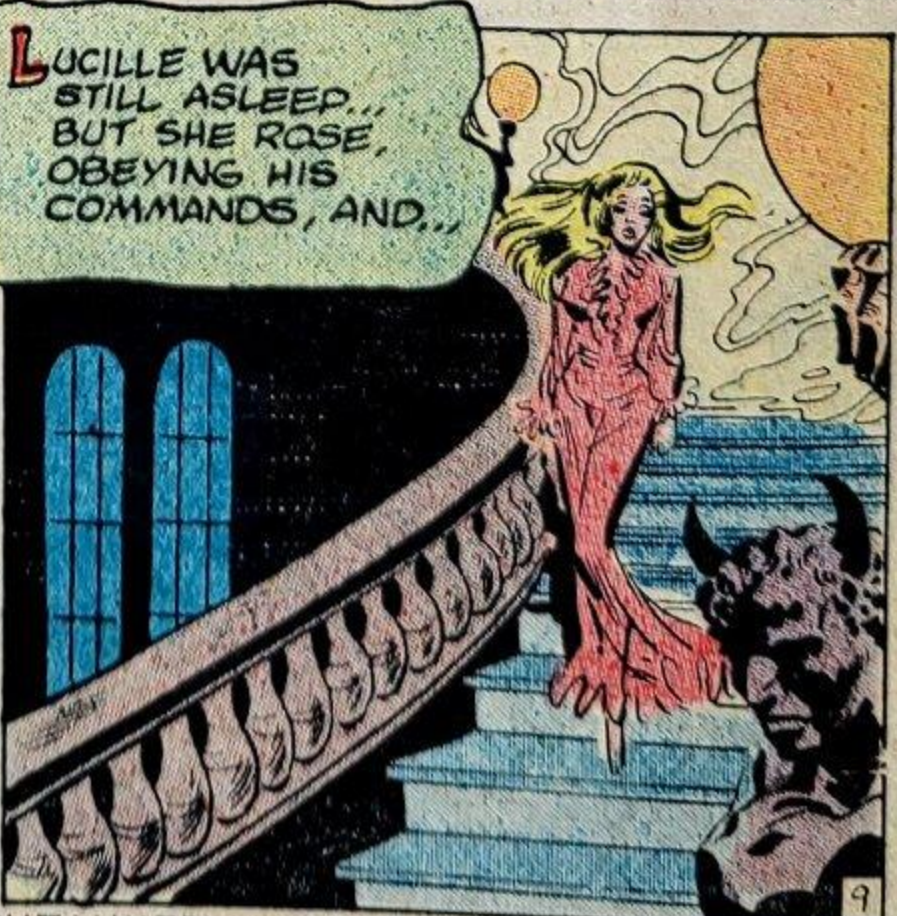


WHO  
IS  
IT?

YOU WILL KNOW ME,  
MY DEAR... JOIN ME...  
I SHALL BE WAITING  
IN THE GARDEN.



LUCILLE WAS  
STILL ASLEEP...  
BUT SHE ROSE,  
OBEYING HIS  
COMMANDS, AND...



CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE









LUCILLE!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?

SHE'S SLEEP-  
WALKING...  
I'LL LET HER  
RETURN TO  
HER ROOM,

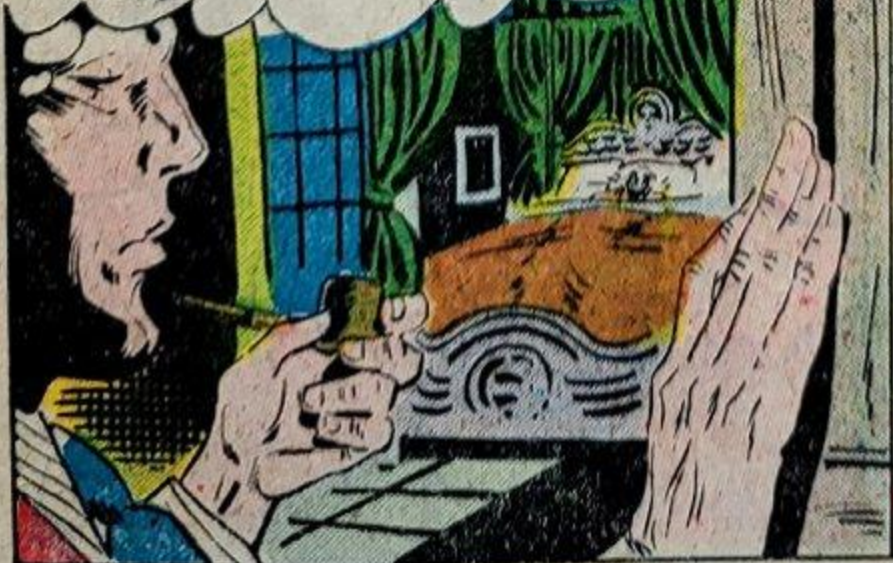
**D**R. THORTON ACCOMPANIED  
THE NURSE UP THE STAIRS...  
WATCHED FROM HER DOOR  
AS SHE RETURNED TO  
BED... AND HE TURNED  
AWAY,

I SHOULDN'T HAVE  
BROUGHT HER HERE...  
NOT AFTER LEARN-  
ING WHAT I HAVE  
ABOUT THE OLD  
MAN,

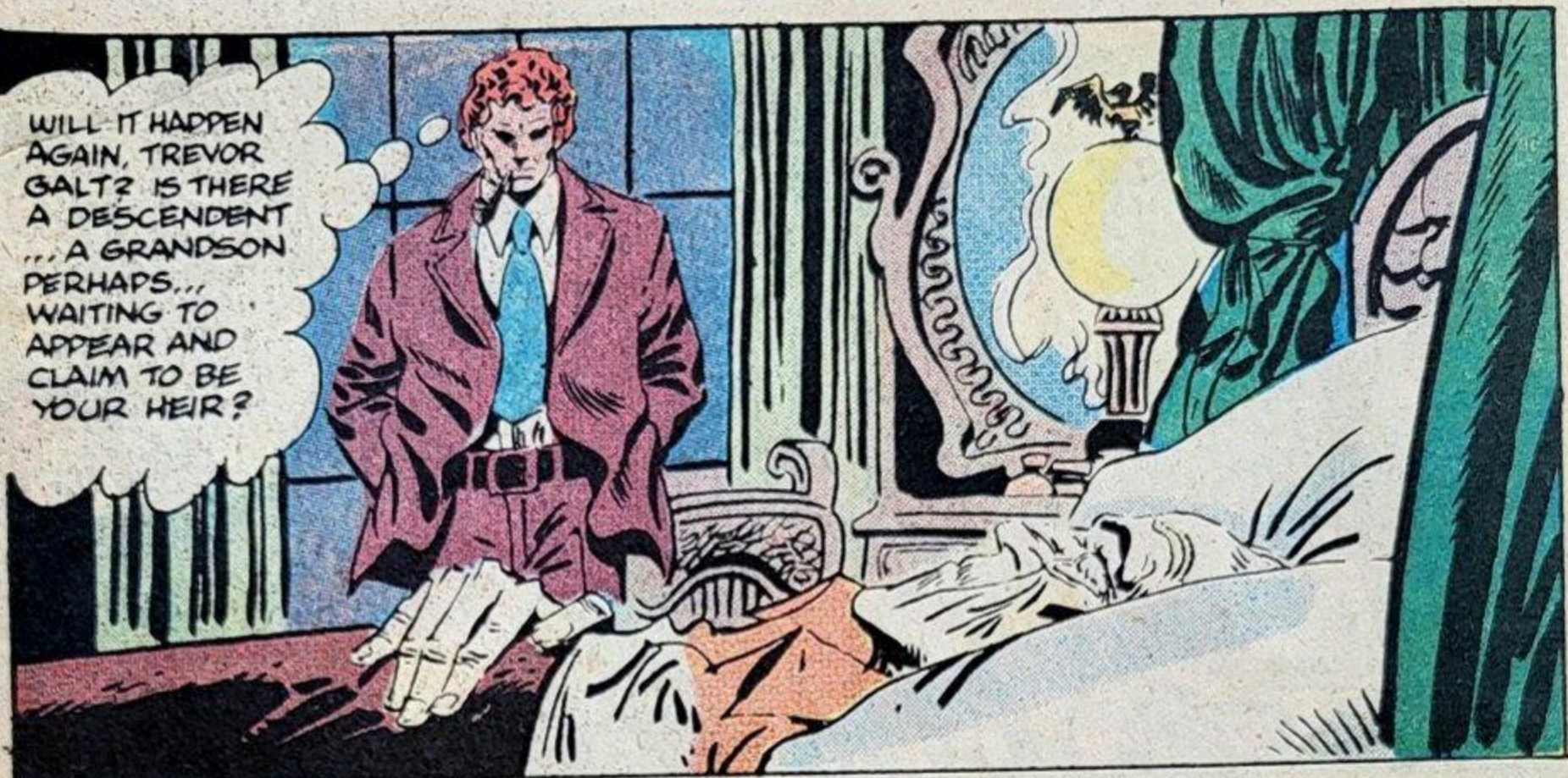
I SEARCHED AND FOUND NO  
RECORD OF TREVOR GALT'S  
BIRTH IN THE LATTER PART OF THE  
19TH CENTURY. IN 1908, TREVOR  
GALT APPEARED AS A YOUNG  
MAN TO CLAIM HIS INHERI-  
TANCE

NO MALE GALT EVER  
HAD A CHILDHOOD,  
IT SEEMS... FOR  
FOUR GENERATIONS,  
SINCE THE REVOLU-  
TIONARY WAR...

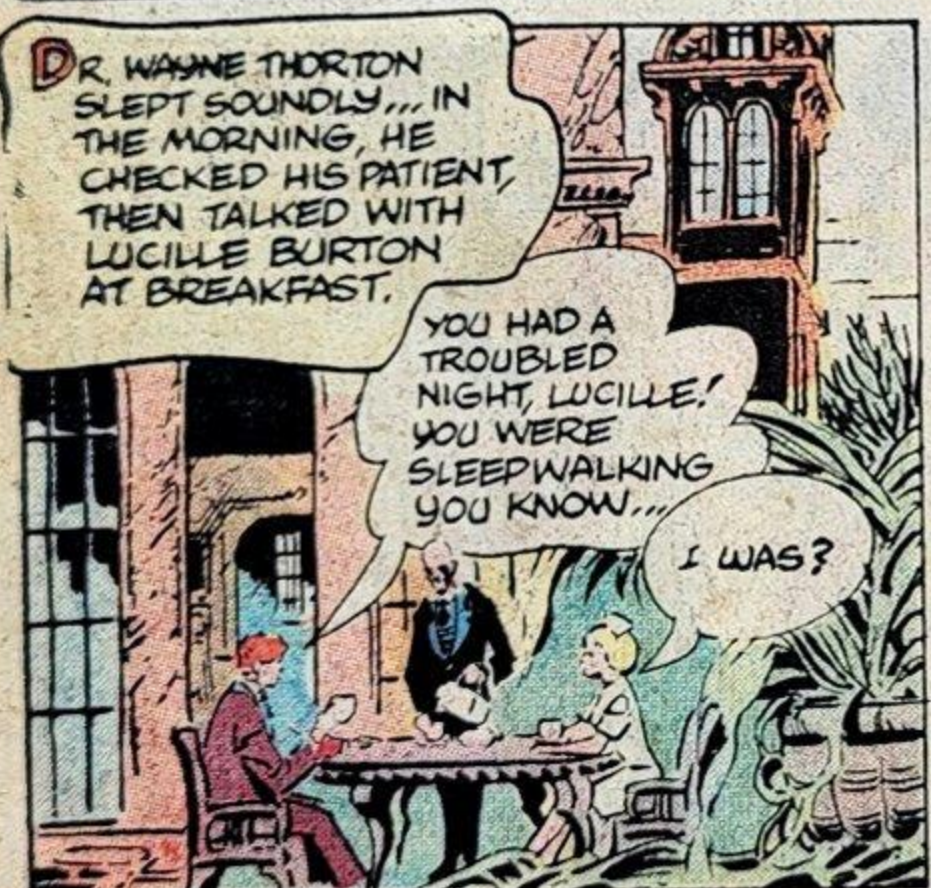
...A GALT SEEMS  
TO APPEAR TO  
CARRY ON THE LINE  
... FULLY GROWN,  
UNKNOWN BEFORE  
TAKING HIS PLACE  
AT THE HEAD OF  
THE HOUSE.







WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN, TREVOR GALT? IS THERE A DESCENDENT ... A GRANDSON PERHAPS... WAITING TO APPEAR AND CLAIM TO BE YOUR HEIR?



DR. WAYNE THORTON SLEPT SOUNDLY... IN THE MORNING, HE CHECKED HIS PATIENT, THEN TALKED WITH LUCILLE BURTON AT BREAKFAST.

YOU HAD A TROUBLED NIGHT, LUCILLE! YOU WERE SLEEPWALKING YOU KNOW...

I WAS?



YES... I ARRIVED JUST AS YOU WERE COMING IN FROM THE TERRACE AND STARTING UP THE STAIRS!

THEN IT WASN'T A DREAM... IT WAS REAL!



SOS! DR. THORTON, I CAN'T STAY HERE! I... I'M AFRAID!

NONSENSE, LUCILLE... THERE'S NOTHING TO BE FRIGHTENED OF!



HERE IS A TELEGRAM FOR YOU, DR. THORTON!





**T**HE OLD MAN WAVERED ON THE BRINK OF DEATH ALL THAT DAY... NURSE BURTON WAS TERRIFIED WHEN SHE WAS ALONE IN THE ROOM WITH HIM... SHE HAD THE FEELING TIME AFTER TIME THAT TREVOR GALT WAS NOT IN THE BED... BUT STANDING CLOSE BEHIND HER!





YOU'VE PLANNED THIS A LONG TIME, HAVEN'T YOU, OLD MAN? YOU DON'T WANT TO DIE... YOU'LL USE ME TO GO ON LIVING...



... JUST AS YOU'VE SEIZED THE BODIES OF OTHER MEN OVER THE PAST TWO HUNDRED YEARS... YOU'RE A WARLOCK, GALT... A WITCH... BUT IT WILL END HERE... PERHAPS TONIGHT!



I'M GOING TO WATCH YOU DIE, GALT... MEDICALLY, THERE IS NO WAY I CAN KEEP YOU ALIVE... AND THE WORLD WILL BE A BETTER PLACE!



LUCILLE HAD OBEYED DR. THORTON... SHE'D DO ANYTHING FOR HIM... NOW, SHE CLOSED HER EYES, PRAYING AS SHE DRIFTED INTO SLEEP, THAT HE'D BE SAFE!



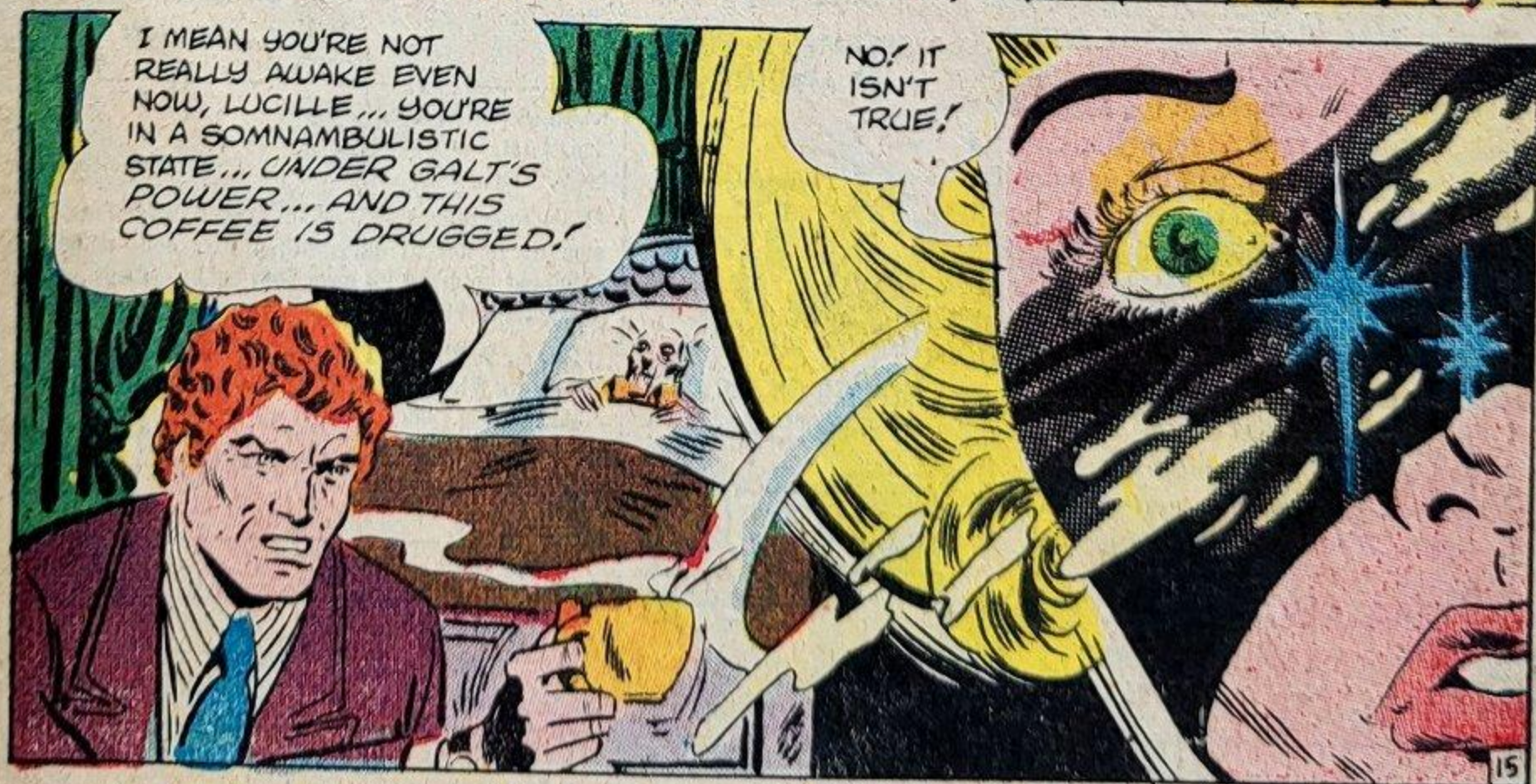
LUCILLE



WAKE UP, LUCILLE...







CONTINUED AFTER FOLLOWING PAGE



VERY WELL,  
LUCILLE...  
I'LL DRINK  
THE COFFEE!



NO, WAYNE,  
DON'T DRINK  
IT!



**S**HE WAS AWAKE THEN... CLINGING TO  
DR. WAYNE THORTON AS THE SPIRIT  
OF TREVOR GALT SHRIEKED HIS  
FURY AT THEM!

YOU HAVE BETRAYED ME!  
I SHALL DESTROY YOU  
BOTH, YOU FOOLS!



HOLD ON,  
DARLING...  
IT WILL  
SOON BE  
OVER!

IS...  
IS HE...  
?



TREVOR  
GALT IS  
DEAD,  
LUCILLE!  
HIS GHOST  
WILL NEVER  
INVADE  
YOUR  
DREAMS  
AGAIN!

**T**HE GALT MANSION BECAME THE SORELY NEEDED  
CLINIC... LUCILLE MARRIED DR. THORTON...  
AND ON QUIET NIGHTS WHEN SHE WALKS  
UPON THE TERRACE, SHE STILL HEARS THAT  
WHISPER... THAT SETS HER NERVE ENDS  
TINGLY...



LUCILLE...  
LUCILLE...

**END**